

Instinct

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/20743250) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/20743250>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Will Graham , Alpha Hannibal Lecter , Nice Hannibal , Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal , season one AU , Pining , Submissive Hannibal , Omega Distress , Will is a Mess , Power Play
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Yours For the Taking
Stats:	Published: 2019-09-23 Words: 950 Chapters: 1/1

Instinct

by [slashyrogue](#)

Summary

Distress is quite possibly much worse when you caused it yourself.

Distress is quite possibly much worse when you caused it yourself.

Will has had exactly two hours of sleep a night for a week since Hannibal told him he's a serial killer, and can hardly function without the comfort of his scent. He hadn't expected this codependency, the overwhelming need, but now as he hovered on the brink of insanity he knew there can be only one cause.

Hannibal was his true mate.

He doesn't want to know this, can't imagine how it could be true, but as he sat back three rows behind him at the opera he had to admit the truth.

He's fucked.

Will's omegan instincts refused to let him tell the authorities about Hannibal, and his own common sense of decency won't let him be with him.

Which meant this constant state of distress was his life now.

On the plus side he felt somewhat calmer being in the same room together, seeing his alpha alive and well, but pining for someone so vile made his stomach churn.

"Are you alright?"

Will looked to his left and saw an alpha with salt and pepper hair and dark brown eyes eyeing him strangely.

"I'm fine."

"You don't smell very—"

"Mind your own business."

Alphas don't like to be talked back to that way, especially by an omega, but instead of lashing out the man just looked away to whisper about Will instead.

He couldn't care less. He's here to see Hannibal, if only just for a little while, and then he'll be on his way.

When the show finally started he paid little to no attention to the stage, eyes on only one person, and by the time the first intermission came he is calmer than he's been since this all began. If only he could get a bit closer.

Hannibal was alone, that much he could see, and the hard set to his shoulders made Will wonder just how he was feeling but then he pushed the thought away.

He shouldn't care.

The alpha he'd grown to care about, possibly even love, was a monster who lied in an attempt to court Will into becoming his permanently. Who knew the person Will could have become if they'd become mates?

Will felt an overwhelming burst of heat at the very idea and hated himself for it.

He had to get some air, get away from all of this, but the need to be close to Hannibal made that all but impossible.

Then, to his relief, Hannibal stood and walked toward the exit. Will got up and followed at a distance pace, warm still, and waited a moment before he headed outside. The cool night air hit and Will moved to the side, leaning against the building to let out a long breath before he closed his eyes.

He smelled Hannibal even before he heard him.

"Your distress wounds me."

Will refused to open his eyes. "It's no fun for me either."

"It took all my resolve not to come to your side during the performance. Will I---"

He moved back and opened his eyes at once, shaking his head. "Don't touch me."

"I never meant to hurt you. I could have lied forever but I wanted to tell you the truth. You are the only one I want to tell everything to, no one else."

Hannibal looked tired but still so well put together Will was sure it was an act.

"I can't."

"I will do anything."

There were several patrons moving in and out of the doors beside them, eyeing the exchange with interest, and Will knew they all had to know Hannibal quite well.

"Anything?"

"Yes."

Will took a deep breath to inhale Hannibal's scent so near, desperately trying not to press his nose against the alpha's neck, and he said the first thing that came into his head.

"Give me your neck."

Hannibal loosened his bow tie and exposed his gland, looking away and into the eyes of several onlookers.

The act was a humiliation for an alpha in public, and Will felt a surge of power at Hannibal's easy submission. He reached out and touched his neck.

“Get on your knees.”

Hannibal did as he was told and kept the same position.

Several passersby gasped and some even laughed but for the first time since Hannibal’s confession he felt warmth again.

“Look at me.”

The adoration in Hannibal’s eyes made a gush of slick slide down the back of his thighs.

“It’s a start,” he said, his voice thick as he pulled off Hannibal’s bow tie and held it tightly in his hand, “Goodnight, Alpha.”

Will walked away, his body shaking with need, and knew when he got home he’d fuck himself with an artificial knot for hours with the bow tie pressed tightly to his nose.

He didn’t know what he needed from Hannibal, or if anything could make him forget the monstrous things he knew the alpha had done and still would do, but it was something.

His distress was still there but maybe, just maybe, he could stop himself from breaking by being the one in control.

Will pressed the bow tie to his face and moaned when he got behind the wheel of his car with tears in his eyes.

“Alpha.”

There was a ping from his phone and he pulled it from his coat pocket.

The message made Will’s heart beat faster.

Dr. Lecter: All that I am is yours for the taking.

Will pulled out of the parking lot and drove past the front of the opera house. He spotted Hannibal there on his knees, staring up at the moonlit sky, and felt no distress at all.

Works inspired by this one

[\[Podfic\] Instinct](#) by [Ravin_Pods \(Ravin\)](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!